



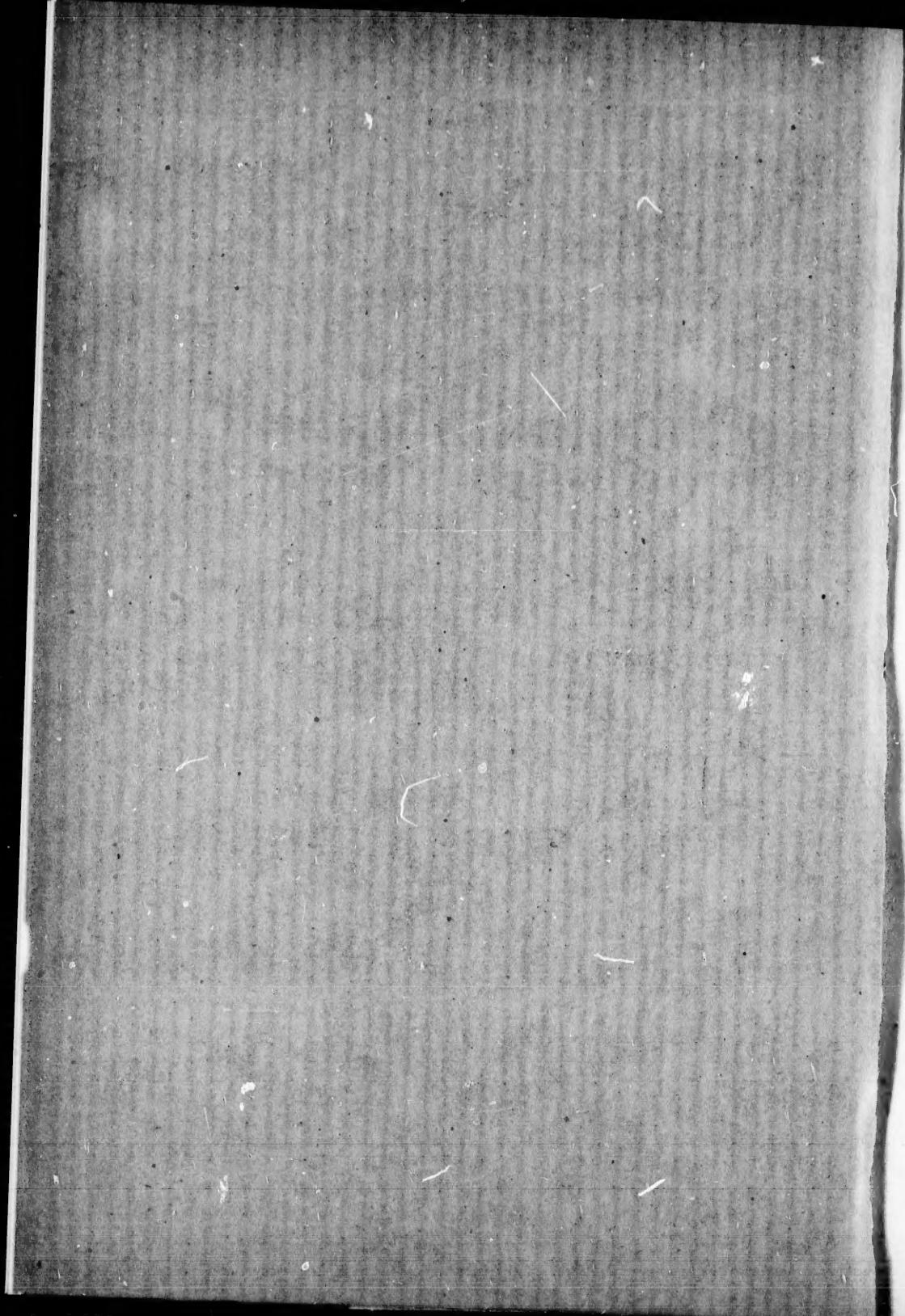
THE
PERVERSION OF DR. NEWMAN
TO THE
CHURCH OF ROME:
P 388-9
IN THE LIGHT OF HIS OWN EXPLANATIONS,
COMMON SENSE, &
AND THE WORD OF GOD.

BY
THE REV. C. CHINIQUY, D.D.

THIRD EDITION.

MONTREAL:
"WITNESS" PRINTING HOUSE.

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THE

PERVERSION OF DR. NEWMAN.

Some five hundred years ago, England was comparatively poor, thinly settled, and weak. She could hardly be placed in the third rank of the nations of Europe. A dark cloud of superstition was covering the whole country. Your ancestors were then abjectly prostrated at the feet of the Pope. Instead of the name of Jesus alone, it was the name of Mary, and myriads of so-called Saints which were invoked. Instead of going to the blood of the Lamb to wash their souls, your ancestors were going to the feet of sinful priests to get pardon of their sins ; there were no Bibles, no Gospel in the hands of the people, and the Word of God was ignored. The lying traditions of Rome were the guides for the monarch and the people.

The richest part of the lands had been given to the monks and the nuns, to the priests, the bishops, and the Popes, to pay for the souls of the dead from the flames of their fabulous purgatory.

But God had looked down upon England in His mercy. He wanted to raise her to the highest limits of power, happiness, and glory. He wanted her to march as a giant at the head of the nations, in all the ways of progress, honour and liberty.

And the Lord spoke words of peace, mercy and life to your ancestors: "Take My words for the only light to your soul, the only lamp to your feet," said the God of Heaven. And

the word was heard on the sublime mountains of Scotland and the beautiful plains of England ! As the thirsty deer runs after refreshing waters of the brook, so your ancestors ran after the Bible. What was their surprise and their joy when they found in the Book that the so costly indulgences, masses, and purgatory were swindling impostures and sacrilegious traffic ? What were their songs of praise to God, their Alleluias, when they found in the Book that salvation was a gift ? Eternal life a gift ! Forgiveness of sin a gift ! Purchased for them on the Cross, and freely given to all those who would believe, repent, and love ! How they found the gift grand and precious ! How they felt rich and happy in its full possession ! How they pressed it to their hearts with an unspeakable joy ! How they loved the gift and the giver ! Hymns of praise and gratitude were sung in your land in those blessed days.

But, soon after, another voice was heard all over Europe. It was a voice of tears and blood. The Pope had written to his Bishops: "Why do you not wrench those Bibles from the hands of the people ?" And they had answered: "The people tell us that they have found in them their rights and liberties; they prefer to die than give them up." The Pope had answered: "Let them die !" And he had written to the Emperors, the Kings, and the Queens of Europe: "Take up your sword and search everywhere; and wherever you find a Bible, burn it ! Ransack the towns and the cities, the villages, and the houses, and wherever you find an obstinate heretic who refuses to give up his Bible, kill him—kill the father and the mother; kill the old and the young who will dare to disobey me. Burn the villages, destroy the cities, pull down the houses of the rebellious heretics; let not one of them escape !"

And there were tears, desolation, and blood, in those days as the world had never seen. Two millions of martyrs in France were sacrificed to the fury of the Pope. More than 70,000 Frenchmen were slaughtered in cold blood on St. Bartholomew's night and following days, by their own King, to obey the Pope. A whole nation in Piedmont was drowned in their blood. I have seen with mine own eyes the high mountains

of that country from the top of which thousands and thousands of men, women and children were thrown down and smashed on the naked rocks below.

Is it necessary to speak to you of the fires of Smithfield, Oxford, and hundreds of other places in England where your heroic ancestors were burnt, and lost their lives, to quench the thirst of the bloody hounds of Rome? There were deaths by the sword, deaths by the fire, deaths in the dark and damp dungeons, deaths by strangulation, deaths by boiling water or melted lead thrown into the mouth, deaths by tearing the limbs and the arms from the body, deaths by smashing the brain with hammers, deaths with the dagger and the sword and the axe; there were deaths in the solitudes and deserted places, deaths in the villages and the cities, deaths by tens, deaths by fifties, deaths by hundreds and thousands together, to obey the great dragon of Rome who had received, for a time, the power to persecute the redeemed ones of the Lamb.

A long wail went from the earth to heaven: "How long, O Lord, Holy and True, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!" And the great God who reigns above the cherubims and seraphims heard the cries of His children whom the Beast was devouring.

England was called by God to go to their rescue, and give the first deadly blow to the Beast whose dwelling is in the city of the Seven Hills.

There were giant men in those days in England, Scotland, and Ireland. They said to each other: "Will we for ever let the cruel Beast of Rome devour us, and reddens our lands with the blood of our wives, brothers, and children? Will the Pope for ever enchain our consciences, and keep us as trembling slaves to his feet? Have we not the right to fight for our lives and liberties? Let us take the Bible for our banner, Christ for our Captain, and let us fearlessly go and meet the foe. Better die free British men, than live any longer the slaves of the Pope."

The awful conflict seemed, at first, unequal. On one side was the Pope with his incalculable treasures and his millions

of slaves; on the other side was a mere handful of men, poor and weak. But the Bible was their banner; the Gospel their battle-cry, and Jesus Christ their captain. The battle was long and fierce, it is true, but the blessed day chosen by the God of Truth dawned at last. The invincible Armada, prepared by the order, and, in part, by the money of the Pope for your destruction, went to the bottom of the sea, at the breath of the lips of the Great God for the honour of whom you were fighting; and at the battle of the Boyne the bloodhound of Rome was for ever muzzled, and his bloody sword wrenched from his hand and broken. Your heroic and victorious ancestors sang a hymn of praise to the God who had saved them from the hand of their merciless enemy, and they wrote with the blood of their martyrs, on the glorious banner of England, the Divine word "Liberty!"

From that day, wherever the British flag floats to the breeze, the redeemed children of men are free to worship God according to their conscience. No priest, no bishop, no Pope will dare to punish and slaughter them for the Bible they read, love and follow.

From that day, England, with the Bible as the foundation of her power and glory, is marching at the head of the civilized world; she is led by the hand of God all over the world, as the apostle of progress and industry, honour and civilization, Christianity and liberty! From that day, all the nations have learned to admire her valour, fear her wrath, and bless her protecting, civilizing and Christian power. Your Queen is sitting on the most glorious throne of the world, and the rays of the sun know no nights when they do not shine on some of the countries protected by your victorious banners. From that day, the God of Heaven has decreed that England should sit among the nations as the queen of the sea, and be the mistress of the greatest empire the world has ever seen! But let Great Britain remember that the same God who raises the nations who honour Him, destroys those who forsake and forget His covenant.

There is a dark cloud on your horizon. A nest of traitors.

at Oxford, have resolved to bring you back under the ignominious yoke of Popery. A new Armada has been prepared, not from Spain, but from among yourselves, which will soon put an end to your glory and your liberty, if it is not soon checked. One of the chiefs of that conspiracy (Dr. Pusey) is recently dead, it is true; and the other, Dr. Newman, is too old to do much mischief now. But they have both inoculated a poison into the veins of the English people which will soon bear its fruits of death, if God Almighty does not come to your help to stop its progress.

Dr. Newman, caught in the very act of the conspiracy, has boldly denied it. Brought before the tribunal of public opinion as a traitor who, though enrolled under the banners of the Church of England, was giving help and comfort to its foe, the Church of Rome, he has published a remarkable book under the name of "Apologia pro vita sua," to exculpate himself. I hold in my hands the New York edition of 1865. Few men will read that book from beginning to end; and still fewer will understand it at its first reading. The art of throwing dust into the eyes of the public is brought to perfection in that work. I have read many books in my long life, but I have never met with anything like the Jesuit ability shown by Dr. Newman in giving a colour of truth to the most palpable errors and falsehoods. I have had to read it at least four times, with the utmost attention, before being sure of having unlocked all its dark corners and sophistries.

That we may be perfectly fair towards Dr. Newman, let us forget what his adversaries have written against him, and let us hear only what he says in his own defence. Here it is. I dare say that his most bitter enemies could never have been able to write a book so damaging against him, as this one which he has given us for his apology.

Let me tell you, at once, that I, with many other priests of Rome, felt an unspeakable joy at the reading of many of the "Tracts for the Times." It is true that we keenly felt the blows Dr. Newman was giving us now and then; but we were soon consoled by the more deadly blows which he was striking

at his own Church—the Church of England. Besides that, it soon became evident that the more he was advancing in his controversial work, the nearer he was coming to us. We were not long without saying to each other: "Dr. Newman is evidently, though secretly, for us; he is a Roman Catholic at heart, and will soon join us."

However, there was a cloud in my mind, and in the minds of many others of my co-priests. The contradictions of Dr. Newman were so numerous, his sudden transitions from one side to the other extreme, when speaking of Romanism and Anglicanism ; his eulogiums of our Church, to-day, and his abuses of it the very next day; his expressions of love and respect for his own Church in one tract, so suddenly followed by the condemnation of her dearest doctrines and practices in the next, caused many others as well as myself to suspect that he had no settled principles, or faith in any religion.

What was my surprise, when reading this strange book, I found that my suspicions were too well founded, that Dr. Newman was nothing else than one of those free-thinkers who had no real faith in any of the sacred dogmas he was preaching, and on which he was writing so eloquently ! What was my astonishment, when I read, in his own book, the confession made by that unfortunate man, that he was nothing else but a giant weathercock, when the whole people of England were looking upon him as one of the most sincere and learned ministers of its Gospel !

Here is his own confession, page 111, 112 : "Alas ! It was "my portion, for whole years, to remain without any satisfactory basis for my religious profession ; in a state of moral "sickness, neither able to acquiesce in Anglicanism, nor able "to go to Rome !"

This is Cardinal Newman, painted by himself ! He tells us how "miserable" he was when in your midst, by feeling that his religion had no basis, no foundation !

What is a preacher of religion who feels that he has no basis, no foundation, no reason to believe in that religion ? Is he

not that blind man of whom Christ speaks "who leads other blind men into the ditch?"

Note, it is not the Rev. Charles Kingsley; it is not any of your able Protestant controversialists; it is not even the old Chiniquy who tells you that Dr. Newman was nothing else but an unbeliever, when you were looking upon him as one of your most pious and sincere Christian theologians. It is Dr. Newman himself who, without suspecting it, is forced by the marvellous Providence of God to reveal to you that deplorable fact, in his "Apologia pro vita sua."

Now, what was the opinion entertained by him of the high and low sections of his church? Here are his very words, page 91: "As to the High Church and the Low Church, I "thought that the one had not much more of a logical basis "than the other: while I had a thorough contempt for the "Evangelical!" But, please observe that, when this minister of the Church of England had found, with the help of Dr. Pusey, that his Church had no logical basis, and that he had a "thorough contempt for the Evangelical," he kept a firm and continuous hold upon the living which he was enjoying from day to day. Nay, it is when paid by his Church to preach her doctrines and fight her battles, that he set at work to raise up another Church! Of course, the new church was to have a firm basis on logic, history and the Gospel: the new church was to be worthy of the British people, it was to be the modern ark to save this perishing world!

You will perhaps think I am joking, and that I am caricaturing Dr. Newman. No! the hour in which we live is too solemn to be spent in jokes—it is rather with tears and sobs that we must approach the subject. Here are the very words of Dr. Newman about the new church he wished to build after demolishing the Church of England as established by law. He says (page 116): "I have said enough on what I consider to have been the general objects of the various works which I wrote, edited, or prompted in the years which I am reviewing. 'I wanted to bring out, in a substantive form, a living Church of England, in a position proper to herself, and founded on

'distinct principles: as far as paper could do it,' and as earnestly 'preaching it and influencing others towards it could tend to "make it a fact ;—a living church, made of flesh and blood, "with voice, complexion, motion and action, and a will of its "own."

If I had not told you that these words were written by Dr. Newman, would you have believed it?

What is to be the name of this new church? Dr. Newman himself has called it "Via Media." As the phrase indicates, it was to stand between the rival Churches of England and Rome, and it was to be built with the materials taken, as much as possible, from the ruins of both.

The first thing to be done was, then, to demolish that huge, illogical, unscriptural, unchristian church restored by the English reformers. Dr. Newman bravely set to work, under the eye and direction of Dr. Pusey. His merciless hammer was heard almost day and night, from 1833 to 1843, striking alternately with hard blows, now against the Church of the Pope, whom he called Antichrist, and then against his own Church, which he was, very soon, to find still more corrupted and defiled than its anti-christian rival. For, as he was proceeding in his work of demolition, he tells us that he found more clearly, every day, that the materials and the foundations of the Church of Rome were exceedingly better than those of his own. He then determined to give a "coup de grâce" to the Church of England, and strike such a blow that her walls would be for ever pulverised. His perfidious tract XC. aims at this object.

Nothing can surpass the ability and the pious cunning with which Dr. Newman tries to conceal his shameful conspiracy in his "Apologia."

Hear the un-British and unmanly excuses which he gives for having deceived his readers, when he was looked upon as the most reliable theologian of the day, in defence of the doctrines of the Church of England. In pages 236-7 he says: "How could I ever hope to make them believe in a second "theology, when I had cheated them in the first? With what

"face could I publish a new edition of a dogmatic creed, and "ask them to receive it as gospel? Would it not be plain to "them that no certainty was to be found anywhere? Well, in "my defence, I could but make a lame apology: however, it "was the true one—viz., that I had not read the Fathers criti- "cally enough; that in such nice points as those which "determine the angle of divergence between the two churches, "I had made considerable miscalculations; and how came this "about? Why, the fact was, unpleasant as it was to avow, that "I had leaned too much upon the assertions of Usher, Jeremy "Taylor, or Barrow, and had been deceived by them."

Here is a specimen of the learning and honesty of the great Oxford divine! Dr. Newman confesses that when he was telling you: "St. Augustine says this, St. Jerome says that"—when he assured you that St. Gregory supported this doctrine, and Origen that, it was all false. Those holy fathers had never taught such doctrines. It was Usher, Taylor, and Barrow who were citing them, and they had deceived him!

Is it not a strange thing that such a shrewd man as Dr. Newman should have so completely destroyed his own good name in the very book he wrote, with so much care and ingenuity, to defend himself? One remains confounded—he can hardly believe his own eyes. It is evident that his mind was troubled at the souvenir of such a course of procedure. But he wanted to excuse himself by saying it was the fault of Usher, Taylor, and Barrow!

Are we not forcibly brought to the solemn and terrible drama in the Garden of Eden? Adam hoped to be excused by saying, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she "gave me the fruit of the tree, and I did eat." The woman said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." But what was the result of those excuses? We read: "Therefore the Lord "God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden." Dr. Newman has lost the precious inheritance God had given him. He has lost the lamp he had received to guide his steps, and he is now in the dark dungeon of Popery, worshipping, as a poor slave, the wafer god of Rome!

But what has become of that new church, or religion, the "Via Media" which had just come out from the sickly brain of the Oxford professor? Let us hear its sad and premature end from Dr. Newman himself. Let me, however, premise, that when Dr. Newman began his attacks against his own Church, he, at first, so skilfully mixed the most eloquent eulogiums with his criticisms, that, though many sincere Christians were grieved, few dared to complain. The names of Pusey and Newman commanded such respect that few raised their voice against the conspiracy. This emboldened them. Month after month, they became more unguarded in their denunciations of the Church of England, and more explicit in their support of Romanism. In the meantime, the Church of Rome was reaping a rich harvest of perverts; for many Protestants were unsettled in their faith, and were going the whole length of the road to Rome so cunningly indicated by the conspirators. At last, the 90th tract appeared in 1843. It fell as a thunderbolt on the Church. A loud cry of indignation was raised all over England against those who had so mercilessly struck at the heart of that Church which they had sworn to defend. The Bishops almost unanimously denounced Dr. Newman and his Romish tendencies, and showed the absurdity of his "Via Media."

Now, let us hear him telling himself this episode of his life. For I want to be perfectly fair to Dr. Newman, as I told you before. It is only from his own words and public acts that I want you to judge him.

Here is what he says of himself, after being publicly condemned: "I saw indeed clearly that my place in the movement "was lost. Public confidence was at an end. My occupation "was gone. It was simply an impossibility that I could say "anything henceforth to good effect, when I had been posted "up by the Marshal on the buttery hatch of every college of "my University after the manner of discommoned, pastry- "cooks, and when, in every part of the country, and every "class of society, through every organ and occasion of opinion, "in newspapers, in periodicals, at meetings, in pulpits, at

"dinner tables, in coffee-rooms, in railway carriages, I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train, and was detected in the very act of firing it against the time-honoured Establishment." * * * * "Confidence in me was lost. But I had already lost full confidence in myself." (p. 132).

Let the English Protestant people hear these words from the very lips of Dr. Newman—"Confidence in me was lost! But I had already lost full confidence in myself." (p. 132). Are these words the indications of a brave, innocent man? Or are they not the cry of a cowardly and guilty conscience?

Was it not when Wishart heard that the Pope and his millions of slaves had condemned him to death, that he raised his head as a giant, and showed that he was more above his accusers and his judges than the heavens are of the earth? Had he lost his confidence in himself and in his God when he said, "I am happy to suffer and die for the cause of Truth?" Did Luther lose his confidence in himself and in his God, when condemned by the Pope and all his Bishops, and ordered to go before the Emperor to be condemned to death, if he would not retract? No! It is in those hours of trial that he made the world to re-echo the sublime words of David: "God is our refuge and our strength, a present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." But Luther had a good cause. He knew, he felt that the God of Heaven was on his side, when Dr. Newman knew well that he was deceiving the world, after having deceived himself. Luther was strong and fearless: for the voice of Jesus had come through the past fifteen centuries to tell him: "Fear not, I am with thee." Dr. Newman was weak, trembling before the storm, for his conscience was reproaching him for his treachery and his unbelief.

Did Latimer falter and lose his confidence in himself and in his God, when condemned by his judges and tied to the stake to be burnt? No! It is then that he uttered those immortal and sublime words, "Master Ridley: Be of good comfort and

"play the man; we shall, this day, light a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out!"

This is the language of men who are fighting for Christ and His Gospel. Dr. Newman could not use such noble language, when he was betraying Christ and His Gospel.

Now, let us hear from himself when, after having lost the confidence of his Church and his country, and had also lost his own confidence in himself, he saw a ghost and found that the Church of Rome was right. At page 157, he says: "My friend, an anxiously religious man, pointed out the palmary words of St. Augustine which were contained in one of the extracts made in the (Dublin) 'Review,' and which had escaped my observation, 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' He repeated these words again and again; and when he was gone, they kept ringing in my ears. . . . The words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before. To take a familiar instance, they were like the 'Turn again, Whittington,' of the chime; or, to take a more serious one, they were like the 'tolle lege' of the child which converted St. Augustine himself. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum!' By those great words of the ancient father, the theory of the 'Via Media' was absolutely pulverised I became excited at the view thus opened upon me. . . . I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. . . . He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heaven had opened and closed again. The thought, for the moment, had been: 'The Church of Rome will be found right, after all.'" (158).

It would be amusing, indeed, if it were not so humiliating, to see the naïveté with which Dr. Newman confesses his own aberrations, want of judgment, and honesty, in reference to the pet scheme of his whole theological existence at Oxford. "By these words," he says, "the 'Via Media' was absolutely pulverised!"

We all know the history of the mountain in travail, which gave birth to a mouse. Dr. Newman tells us frankly that, after ten years of hard and painful travail, he produced something

less than a mouse. His "Via Media" was pulverised, it turned to be only a handful of dust.

Remember the high-sounding of his trumpet about his plan of a new church, that new Jerusalem on earth, the church of the future which was to take the place of his rotten Church of England. Let me repeat to you his very words about that new ark of salvation with which the Professor of Oxford was to save England (Page 116): "I wanted to bring out, in a substantive form, a living Church of England, in a position proper to herself, and founded on distinct principles, as far as paper could do it, and as earnestly preaching it and influencing others towards it, could tend to make it a fact: a living church, made of flesh and blood, with voice, complexion, and motion, and action, and a will of its own."

Now, what was the end of that masterpiece of theological architecture of Dr. Newman? Here is its history given by the great architect himself: "I read the palmary words of St. Augustine: 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum!' By those great words of the ancient father, the theory of the 'Via Media' was pulverised! I became excited at the view thus opened before me. I had seen the shadow of a hand on the wall. He who has seen a ghost can never be as if he had not seen it; the heavens had opened and closed again. The thought, for a moment, was 'The Church of Rome will be found right after all.' (158).

Have you ever seen a man destroying himself more completely at the very moment that he tries to defend himself? Here he does ingeniously confess what everyone knew before, that his whole work, for the last ten years, was not only a self-deception, but a supreme effort to deceive the world—his "Via Media" was a perfect string of infidelity, sophism and folly. The whole fabric had fallen to the ground at the sight of a ghost! To build a grand structure in the place of his Church which he wanted to demolish, he had thought it was sufficient to throw a great deal of glittering sand, with some blue, white, and red mud, in the air! He tells us that one sad hour came when he heard five Latin words

from St Augustine, saw a ghost—and his great structure fell to the ground ! !

What does this all mean ? It simply means that God Almighty has dealt with Dr. Newman as He did with the impious Pharaoh in the Red Sea, when he was marching at the head of his army against the church of old, his chosen people, to destroy them.

Dr. Newman was not only marching with Dr. Pusey at the head of an army of theologians to destroy the Church of God, but he was employing all the resources of his intellect, all the treasures of his false and delusive science, to raise an idolatrous church in its place; and when Pharaoh and Dr. Newman thought themselves sure of success, the God of Heaven confounded them both. The first went down with his army to the bottom of the sea, as a piece of lead. The second lost, not his life, but something infinitely more precious—he lost his reputation for intelligence, science and integrity; he lost the light of the Gospel, and became perfectly blind, after having lost his place in the kingdom of Christ.

I have never judged a man by the hearsay of anyone, and I would prefer to have my tongue cut out than to repeat a word of what the adversaries of Dr. Newman have said against him. But we have the right, and I think it is our duty, to hear and consider what he says of himself, and to judge him on his own confession.

At page 174 we read these very words from his own pen to a friend: "I cannot disguise from myself that my preaching is "not calculated to defend that system of religion which has "been received for 300 years, and of which the Heads of "Houses are the legitimate maintainers in this place. . . . "I fear I must allow that, whether I will or no, I am disposing "them (the young men) towards Rome." Here Dr. Newman declares, in plain English, that he was disposing his hearers and the students at Oxford to join the Church of Rome !

I ask any one of you, I ask every honest man and woman in Great Britain, what can we think of a man who is paid and sworn to do a thing, not only does it not, but who does the

very contrary? Who would hesitate to call such a man dishonest? Who would hesitate to say that such a one has no respect for those who employ him, and no respect for himself?

Dr. Newman writes this whole book to refute the public accusation that he was a traitor, that he was preparing the people to leave the Church of England and to submit to the Pope. But, strange to say, it is in that very book we find the irrefutable proof of his shameful and ignominious treachery! In a letter to Dr. Russell, President of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, he wrote, page 227: "Roman Catholics "will find this to be the state of things in time to come, what- "ever promise they may fancy there is of a large secession to "their Church. This man or that may leave us, but there will "be no general movement of our 'Church' towards yours, "and this your leading men are doing all they can to frustrate "by their unwearied efforts, at all risks to carry off individuals. "When will they know their position, and embrace a larger "and wiser policy?" Is it not evident here that God was blinding Dr. Newman, and that He was making him confess his treachery in the very moment that he was trying to conceal it? Do we not see clearly that he was complaining of the unwise policy of the leaders of the Church of Rome who were retarding "that incipient movement" of his Church towards Romanism, for which he was working day and night with Dr. Pusey?

But had not Dr. Newman confessed his own treachery, we have, to-day, its undeniable proof in the letter of Dr. Pusey to the English Church Union, written in 1879. Speaking of Dr. Newman and the other Tractarians, he says: "An acute man, "Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, said of the 'Tracts,' on their "first appearance, 'I know they have a forced circulation.' "We put the leaven into the meal, and waited to see what "would come of it. Our object was to Catholicise England."

And this confession of Dr. Pusey, that he wanted to Catholicise England, is fully confirmed by Dr. Newman (pages 108, 109), where he says: "I suspect it was Dr. Pusey's influence "and example which set me and made me set others on the

"larger and more careful works in defence of the principles of
"the movement which followed" (towards Rome) "in a course
"of years."

Nothing is more curious than to hear from Dr. Newman himself, with what skill he was trying to conceal his perfidious efforts in preparing that movement towards Rome. He says on that subject, page 124: "I was embarrassed in consequence "of my wish to go as far as was possible in interpreting the "Articles in the direction of Roman dogma, without disclosing "what I was doing to the parties whose doubts I was meeting, "who might be, thereby, encouraged to go still further than at "present they found in themselves any call to do."

A straw fallen on the water indicates the way the tide goes. Here we have the straw, taken by Dr. Newman himself, and thrown by him on the water. A thousand volumes written by the ex-Professor of Oxford to deny that he was a conspirator at work to lead his people to Rome, when in the service of the Church of England, could not destroy the evident proof of his guilt given by himself in this strange book.

If we want to have a proof of the supreme contempt Dr. Newman had for his readers, and his daily habit of deceiving them by sophistries and incorrect assertions, we have it in the remarkable lines which I find at page 123 of his "Apologia." Speaking of his "doctrinal development" he says: "I wanted "to ascertain what was the limit of that elasticity in the direc- "tion of Roman dogma. But, next, I had a way of enquiry "of my own which I state without defending. I instanced it "afterward in my essay on 'Doctrinal Development.' That "work, I believe, I have not read since I published it, and I "doubt not at all that I have made many mistakes in it, partly "from my ignorance of the details of doctrine as the Church "of Rome holds them, but partly from my impatience to clear "as large a range for the 'principle' of doctrinal development " (waving the question of historical 'fact') as was consistent "with the strict apostolicity and identity of the Catholic creed. "In like manner, as regards the Thirty-nine Articles, my "method of enquiry was to leap 'in medias res.'" (123-124).

Dr. Newman is the author of two new systems of theology; and, from his own confession, the two systems are a compendium of error, absurdities, and folly. His "Via Media" was "pulverised" by the vision of a ghost, when he heard the four words of St. Augustine: "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." The second, known under the name of "Doctrinal Development," is, from his own confession, full of errors on account of his ignorance of the subject on which he was writing, and his own impatience to support his sophisms.

Dr. Newman is really unfortunate in his paternity. He is the father of two literary children. The first-born was called "Via Media." But as it had neither head nor feet, it was suffocated on the very day of its birth by a "ghost." The second, called "Doctrinal Development," was likewise not "viable." The father was so shocked with the sight of the monster, that he publicly confessed its deformities and cried out, "Mistake! mistake! mistake!"

The troubled conscience of Dr. Newman has forced him to confess (page 111) that he was miserable, from his want of faith, when a minister of the Church of England and a Professor of Theology at Oxford: "Alas! it was my portion for whole years to remain without any satisfactory basis for my religious profession!" At pages 174 and 175 he tells us how miserable and anxious he was when the voice of his conscience reproached him in the position he held in the Church of England, while leading her people to Rome. At page 158 he confesses his unspeakable confusion when he saw his supreme folly in building up the "Via Media," and heard the crash, at the appearance of a ghost. At page 123 he acknowledges how he deceived his readers, and deceived himself, in his "Doctrinal Development." At page 132 he tells us how he had not only completely lost the confidence of his country, but lost confidence in himself. And it is after this humiliating and shameful course of life that he finds out "that the Church of Rome is right!"

Must we not thank God for having forced Dr. Newman to tell us through what dark and tortuous ways a Protestant, a

disciple of the Gospel, a minister of Christ, a Professor of Oxford, fell into that sea of Sodom called Romanism or Papism ! A great lesson is given us here. We see the fulfilment of Christ's word about those who have received great talents and have not used them for the " Good Master's honour and glory."

Dr. Newman, without suspecting it, tells us that it was his course of action towards that branch of the Church of Christ of which he was a minister, that caused him to lose the confidence of his country. That troubled him so much that it caused him to lose that self-confidence which is founded on our faith and our union with Christ, who is our rock, our only strength in the hour of trial. Having lost her sails, her anchors and her helm, the poor ship was evidently doomed to become a wreck. Nothing could prevent her from drifting into the engulfing abyss of Popery.

Dr. Newman confesses that it was only when his guilty conscience was uniting its thundering voice with that of his whole country to condemn him that he said, " After all, the Church of Rome is right !"

These are the arguments, the motives, the lights which have led Dr. Newman to Rome ! And it is from himself that we have it ! It is a just, an avenging God who forces his adversary to glorify Him and say the truth in spite of himself in this " *Apologia pro vita sua.*"

No one can read that book, written with almost a super-human skill, ability, and fineness, without a feeling of unspeakable sadness at the sight of such bright talents, such eloquence, such extensive studies, employed by the author, to deceive himself and deceive his readers; for it is evident, on every page, that Dr. Newman had deceived himself before deceiving his readers. But no one can read that book without feeling a sense of terror also. For he will hear, at every page, the thundering voice of the God of the Gospel, " Because they " received not the love of the Truth that they might be saved, " God shall send them strong delusions, that they should be- " lieve a lie." (2 Thess. ii., 10-1.)

What, at first, most painfully puzzles the mind of the Christian reader of this book, is the horror which Dr. Newman has for the Holy Scriptures. The unfortunate man who is perishing from hydrophobia does not keep himself more at a distance from water than he does from the Word of God. It seems incredible, but it is the fact, that from the first page of the history of his "Religious Opinions" to page 261, where he joins the Church of Rome, we have not a single line to tell us that he has gone to the Word of God for light and comfort in his search after truth. We see Dr. Newman at the feet of Daniel Wilson, Scott, Milner, Whately, Hawkins, Blanco White, William James, Butler, Keble, Froude, Pusey, &c., asking them what to believe, what to do to be saved: but you do not see him a single minute, no ! not a single minute, at the feet of the Saviour, asking Him, "Master, what must I do to have 'Eternal Life' "? The sublime words of Peter to Christ, which are filling all the echoes of heaven and earth, these eighteen hundred years, "Lord ! To whom shall we go ? "Thou hast the words of eternal life ! " have never reached his ears ! In the long and gloomy hours, when his soul was chilled and trembling in the dark night of infidelity; when his uncertain feet were tired by vainly going here and there, to find the true way, he has never heard Christ telling him: "Come "unto Me. I am the Way ; I am the Door ; I am the Life!" In those terrible hours of distress of which he speaks so eloquently, when he cries (page 111) "Alas ! I was without any "basis for my religious profession, in a state of moral sickness: "neither able to acquiesce in Anglicanism, nor able to go to "Rome:" When his lips were parched with thirst after truth, he never, no, never, went to the fountain from which flow the waters of eternal life !

One day, he goes to the Holy Fathers. But what will he find there ? Will he see how St. Cyprien sternly rebuked the impudence of Stephen, Bishop of Rome, who pretended to have some jurisdiction over the See of Carthage ? Will he find how Gregory positively says that the Bishop who will pretend to be the "Universal Bishop" is the forerunner of

Anti-Christ? Will he hear St. Augustine declaring that when Christ said to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church," He was speaking of Himself as the rock upon which the Church would stand? No. The only thing which Dr. Newman brings us from the Holy Fathers is so ridiculous and so unbecoming, that I am ashamed to have to repeat it. He tells us (page 78), "I have an idea. The mass of the Fathers (Justin, Anthenagoras, Irenaeus, Clement, Tertullian, Origen, Ambrose) hold that, though Satan fell from the beginning, the angels fell before the deluge, falling in love with the daughters of men. This has lately come across me as a remarkable solution of a notion I cannot help holding."

Allow me here to remind you that, though the Fathers have written many beautiful Evangelical pages, some of them have written the greatest nonsense and the most absurd things which human folly can imagine. Many of them were born and educated as pagans. They had learned and believed the history and immorality of their demi-Gods; they had brought those notions with them into the Church; and they had attributed to the angels of God, the passions and love for women which was one of the most conspicuous characters of Jupiter, Mars, Cupid, Bacchus, &c. And Dr. Newman, whose want of accuracy and judgment is so often revealed and confessed by himself in this book, has not been able to see that those sayings of the Fathers are nothing but human aberrations. He has accepted that as Gospel truth, and he has been silly enough to boast of it.

The bees go to the flowers to make their precious honey; they wisely choose what is more perfect, pure, and wholesome in the flowers to feed themselves. Dr. Newman does the very contrary: he goes to those flowers of past ages, the Holy Fathers, and takes from them what is impure for his food. After this, is it a wonder that he has so easily put his lips to the cup of the great enchantress who is poisoning the world with the wine of her prostitution?

When the reader has followed with attention the history of the religious opinions of Dr. Newman in his "Apologia pro

vita sua," and he sees him approaching, day after day, the bottomless abyss of folly, corruption, slavery, and idolatry of Rome, into which he suddenly falls (page 261). he is forcibly reminded of the strange spectacle recorded in the eloquent pages of Chateaubriand, about the Niagara Falls.

More than once, travellers standing at the foot of that marvel of the marvels of the works of God, looking up towards heaven, have been struck by the sight of a small, dark spot moving in large circles, at a great distance above the fall. Gazing at that strange object, they soon remarked, that in its circular march in the sky, the small, dark spot was rapidly growing larger, as it was coming down towards the thundering fall. They soon discovered the majestic forms of one of the giant eagles of America! And the eagle, balancing himself in the air, seemed to look down on the marvellous fall as if absolutely taken with admiration at its grandeur and magnificence! For some time, the giant of the air remained above the majestic cataract, describing his large circles. But when coming down nearer and nearer the terrific abyss, he was suddenly dragged as by an irresistible power, into the bottomless abyss to disappear. Some time later the body, bruised and lifeless, is seen floating on the rapid and dark waters, to be for ever lost in the bitter waters of the sea, at a long distance below.

Rome is a fall. It is the name which God himself has given her: "There come a falling away." (2 Thess. ii., 3). As the giant eagle of America, when imprudently coming too near the mighty Fall of Niagara, is often caught in the irresistible vortex which attracts it from a long distance, so, that eagle of Oxford, Dr. Newman, whom God had created for better things, has imprudently come too near the terrific papal fall. He has been enchanted by its beauty, its thousand bright rainbows: he has taken for real suns the fantastic jets of light which encircle its misty head, and conceals its dark and bottomless abyss. Bewildered by the bewitching voice of the enchantress, he has been unable to save himself from her perfidious and almost irresistible attractions. The eagle of Oxford has been caught in the whirlpool of the engulphing powers of Rome,

and you see him to-day, bruised, lifeless, dragged on the dark waters of Popery towards the shore of a still darker eternity.

Dr. Newman could not make his submission to Rome without perjuring himself. He swore that he would never interpret the Holy Scriptures except according to the unanimous consent of the Holy Fathers. Well, I challenge him here, in the presence of England, to meet me and show me that the Holy Fathers are unanimous on the supremacy of the power of the Pope over the other Bishops; that he is infallible; that the Priest has the power to make his God with a wafer; that the Virgin Mary is the only hope of sinners. I challenge him to show us that auricular confession is an ordinance of Christ. Dr. Newman knows well that those things are impostures. He has never believed, he will never believe them.

The fact is, that Dr. Newman confesses that he never had any faith when he was a minister of the Church of England; and it is clear that he is the same since he became a Roman Catholic. In page 282 we read this strange exposition of his faith: "We are called upon not to profess anything, but to submit and be silent," which is just the faith of the mute animal which obeys the motion of the bridle, without any resistance or thought of its own. This is—I cannot deny it—the true, the only faith in the Church of Rome; it is the faith which leads directly to Atheism or idiotism. But Christ gave us a very different idea of the faith he asks from his disciples when he said: "The time is come when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." (John iv., 23.)

Doctor Newman honestly tells us (page 228), when speaking of the worship of the Virgin Mary: "Such devotional manifestations in honour of our Lady had been my great 'Crux' as regards Catholicism. I say frankly I do not fully enter into them now . . . they are suitable for Italy; but they are not suitable for England." He has only changed his appearance—his heart is what it was formerly, when a minister of the Church of England. He wanted then another creed, another church for England. So now, he finds that this and

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Was he pleased with the promulgation of Papal infallibility ? No. It is a public fact that one of his most solemn actions, a few years after his connection with the Church of Rome, was to protest against the promulgation of that dogma. More than that, he expressed his doubts about the wisdom and the right of the Council to proclaim it.

Let us read his interesting letter to Bishop Ullathorne:— "Rome ought to be a name to lighten the heart at all times; "and a council's proper office is, when some great heresy or "other evil impends, to inspire hope and confidence in the "faithful. But now we have the greatest meeting which ever "has been, and that at Rome, infusing into us by the accredited "organs of Rome and of its partisans (such as the 'Civiltá' "the 'Armonia,' the 'Univers' and the 'Tablet') little else "than fear and dismay ! When we are all at rest and have no "doubts, and—at least practically, not to say doctrinally—hold "the Holy Father to be infallible, suddenly there is thunder in "the clearest sky, and we are told to prepare for something, we "know not what, to try our faith, we know not how—no im- "pending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to "be created. Is this the proper work of an Oecumenical "Council ? As to myself personally, please God, I do not "expect any trial at all; but I cannot help suffering, and I look "with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions "which may not be difficult to my own private judgment, but "may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of "historical facts.

"What have we done to be treated as the faithful never were "treated before ? When has a definition 'de fide' been a "luxury of devotion, and not a stern, painful necessity? Why "should an aggressive, insolent faction be allowed to 'make "the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made "sorrowful?' Why cannot we be let alone, when we have "pursued peace, and thought no evil ?

"I assure you, my Lord, some of the truest minds are driven
 "one way and another, and do not know where to rest their
 "feet—one day, determining 'to give up all theology as a bad
 "job,' and recklessly to believe henceforth almost that the Pope
 "is impeccable: at another, tempted to 'believe all the worst
 "which a book like "Janus" says: others doubting about 'the
 "capacity possessed by Bishops drawn from all corners of the
 "earth, to judge what is fitting for European society; ' and then,
 "again, angry with the Holy See for listening to 'the flattery
 "of a clique of Jesuits, redemptorists and converts.'

"Then, again, think of the store of Pontifical scandals in the
 "history of eighteen centuries, which have partly been poured
 "forth, and partly are still to come. What Murphy inflicted
 "upon us, in one way, M. Veillot is indirectly bringing on us
 "in another. And then, again, the blight which is falling upon
 "the multitude of Anglican Ritualists, &c., who, themselves,
 "perhaps—at least, their leaders—may never become Catholics,
 "but who are leavening the various English denominations
 "and parties (far beyond their own range), with principles and
 "sentiments tending towards their ultimate absorption into
 "the Catholic Church.

"With these thoughts ever before me, I am continually
 "asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings
 "public: But all I do is to pray those early doctors of the
 "Church whose intercession would decide the matter (Augustine,
 Ambrose, and Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom and
 Basil) to avert this great calamity.

"If it is God's will that the Pope's infallibility be defined,
 "then is it God's will to throw back, 'the times and moments'
 "of that triumph which He has destined for His kingdom, and
 "I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His Adorable, in-
 "scrutable providence.

"You have not touched upon the subject yourself, but I think
 "you will allow me to express to you feelings, which, for the
 "most part, I keep to myself."*

* "The Pope, the Kings and the People." (Mullan & Sons, Paternoster Square),
 pp. 269-70. Also see (London) *Standard*, 7th April, 1870.

These eloquent complaints of the new convert exceedingly irritated Pius IX. and the Jesuits at Rome: they entirely destroyed their confidence in him. They were too shrewd to ignore that he had never been anything else but a kind of free-thinker, whose Christian faith was without any basis, as he has himself confessed. They had received him, of course, with pleasure, for he was the very best man in England to unsettle the minds of the young ministers of the Church, but they had left him alone in his oratory of Birmingham, where they seemed to ignore him.

However, when the protest of the new so-called convert showed that his submission was but a sham, and that he was more Protestant than ever, they lashed him without mercy. But, before we hear the stern answers of the Roman Catholics to their new recruit, let us remember the fact that, when that letter appeared, Dr. Newman had lost the memory of it; he boldly denied its paternity at first: it was only when the proofs were publicly given that he had written it, that he acknowledged it, saying for his excuse that he had forgotten his writing it !!

Now let us hear the answer of the "Civiltá," the organ of the Pope, to Dr. Newman: "Do you not see that it is only "temptation that makes you see everything black? "If the Holy Doctors whom you invoke, Ambrose, Jerome, "&c., do not decide the controversy in your way, it is not, as "the Protestant 'Pall Mall Gazette' fancies, because they will "not or cannot interpose, but because they agree with St. Peter "and with the petition of the majority. . . . Would you "have us make procession in sackcloth and ashes to avert this "scourge of the definition of a verity?" "Ibid," p. 271.

The clergy of France, through their organ "L'Univers," (Vol. 11, p. 31-34), was still more severe and sarcastic. They had just collected £4,000 to help Dr. Newman to pay the enormous expenses of the suit for his slanders against Father Achille, which he had lost.

Dr. Newman, as it appears by the article from the pen of the celebrated editor of the "Univers," had not even had the

courtesy to acknowledge the gift, nor the exertions of those who had collected that large sum of money. Now let us see what they thought and said in France about the ex-Professor of Oxford whom they call the "Respectable convict." Speaking of the £4,000 sent from France, Veuillot says "The 'respectable convict received it, and was pleased; but he gave 'no thanks and showed no courtesy. Father Newman ought 'to be more careful in what he says: everything that is comely 'demands it of him. But, at any rate, if his liberal passion 'carries him away, till he forgets what he owes to us and to 'himself, what answer must one give him, but that he had 'better go on as he set out, silently ungrateful?"—*L'Univers*, Vol. 11, p. 31-34. "Ibid," p. 272.

These public rebukes, addressed from Paris and Rome by the two most popular organs of the Church of Rome, tell us the old story; the services of traitors may be accepted, but they are never trusted. Father Newman had not the confidence of the Roman Catholics.

But some will say: Has not the dignity of Cardinal, to which he has recently been raised, proved that the present Pope has the greatest confidence in Dr. Newman?

Had I not been twenty-five years a priest of Rome, I would say "Yes!" But I know too much of their tactics for that. The dignity of Cardinal has been given to Drs. Manning and Newman as the baits which the fishermen of Prince Edward Island throw into the sea to attract the mackerels. The Pope, with those long scarlet robes thrown over the shoulders of the two renegades from the Church of England, hopes to catch more English mackerels.

Besides that, you all know the remarkable words of St. Paul: "And those members of the body which we think to be less honourable, upon them we bestow more abundant honours, "and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness." (1 Cor. xii., 23.)

It is on that principle that the Pope has acted. He knew well that Dr. Newman had played the act of a traitor at Oxford,

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that he had been caught in the very act of the conspiracy by his Bishops, that he had entirely lost the confidence of the English people. These public facts paralyzed the usefulness of the new convert. He was really a member of the Church of Rome, but he was one of the most uncomely ones; so much so that the last Pope, Pius IX., had left him alone, in a dark corner, for nearly eighteen years. Leo XIII. was more shrewd. He felt that Newman might become one of the most powerful agents of Romanism in England, if he were only covering his uncomeliness with the rich red Cardinal robe.

But will the scarlet colours which now clothe Dr. Newman make us forget that, to-day, he belongs to the most absurd, immoral, abject and degrading form of idolatry the world has ever seen? Will we forget that Romanism, these last six centuries, is nothing else but old paganism in its most degrading forms, coming back under a Christian name? What is the Divinity which is adored in those splendid temples of modern Rome? It is nothing else but the old Jupiter Tonans! Yes, the Pope has stolen the old gods of Paganism, and he has sacreliously written the adorable name of Jesus on their faces, that the deluded modern nations may have less objection to accept the worship of their Pagan ancestors. They adore a Christ in the Church of Rome: they sing beautiful hymns to His honour: they build Him magnificent temples; they are exceedingly devoted to Him—they make daily enormous sacrifices to extend His power and glory not only in England, but all over the world. But what is that Christ? It is simply an idol of bread, baked every day by the servant-girl of the priest, or the neighbouring nuns.

I have been twenty-five years one of the most sincere and zealous priests of that Christ. I have made Him with mine own hands, and the help of my servants, for a quarter of a century; I have a right to say that I know Him perfectly well. It is that I may tell what I know of that Christ that the God of the Gospel has taken me by the hand, and brought me into the midst of this great country. Hundreds of times I have said to my servant-girl what Dr. Newman and all the priests

of Rome say, every day, to their own servants or their nuns : " Please make me some wafers, that I may say my mass and have some good gods for the sick people." And the dutiful girl took some wheat flour, mixed it with water, and put the dough between two well-polished and engraven irons, which she had well heated before. In less time than I can say, the dough was baked into wafers, like these I hold in my hand. Handing them to me, I brought them to the altar, and performed a ceremony which is called "the mass." In the very midst of that mass, I pronounced on the wafers five magical words, " Hoc est enim corpus meum," and I had to believe, what Dr. Newman and all the priests of Rome profess to believe, that there were no more wafers, no more bread before me, but that what were wafers had been turned into the great Eternal God who has created the world. I had to prostrate myself, and ask my people to prostrate themselves before the God I had just made with five words from my lips; and the people, on their knees, bowing their heads, and bringing their faces to the dust, adored the God whom I had just made, with the help of heated irons and my servant-girl.

Now, is this not a form of idolatry more degrading, more insulting to the infinite Majesty of God than the worship of the gold calf ? Where is the difference between the idolatry of Aaron and the Israelites adoring the gold calf in the wilderness, and the idolatry of Dr. Newman adoring the wafer in his temple ? The only difference is, that Aaron worshipped a god infinitely more respectable and powerful, in melted gold, than Dr. Newman worshipping his baked dough.

The idolatry of Dr. Newman is more degrading than the idolatry of the worshippers of the sun.

When the Persians adore the sun, they give their homage to the greatest, the most glorious being which is before us. That magnificent fiery orb, millions of miles in circumference, which rises as a giant, every morning, from behind the horizon, to march over the world and pour everywhere its floods of heat, light and life, cannot be contemplated without feelings of respect, admiration and awe. Man must raise his eyes up to

see that glorious sun—he must take the eagle's wings to follow his giant strides throughout the myriads of worlds which are there, to speak to us of the wisdom, the power, and love of our God. It is easy to understand that poor, fallen, blind men may take that great being for their god. Would not every one perish and die, if the sun would forget to come every day, that we may bathe and swim in his ocean of light and life?

Then, when I see the Persian priests of the sun, in their magnificent temple, with censers in their hands, waiting for the appearance of its first rays, to intone their melodious hymns and sing their sublime canticles, I know their error and I understand it; I was about to say, I almost excuse it. I feel an immense compassion for those deluded idolators. However, I feel they are raised above the dust of the earth; their intelligence, their souls cannot but receive some sparks of light and life from the contemplation of that inexhaustible focus of light and life. But is not Doctor Newman, with his Roman Catholic people a thousand times more worthy of our compassion and our tears, when they are abjectly prostrated before this ignoble wafer—to adore it as their saviour, their Creator, their God! Is it possible to imagine a spectacle more humiliating, blasphemous and sacrilegious than a multitude of men and women prostrating their faces to the dust to adore a god whom the rats and mice have, thousands of times, dragged and eaten in their dark holes? Where are the rays of light and life coming from that wafer? Instead of being enlarged and elevated at the approach of this ridiculous modern divinity, is not the human intelligence contracted, diminished, paralyzed, chilled and struck with idiocy and death at its feet?

Can we be surprised that the Roman Catholic nations are so fast falling down into the abyss of infidelity and atheism, when they hear their priests telling them that more than 100,000 times, every day, this contemptible wafer is changed by them into the great God who has created heaven and earth at the beginning, and who has saved this perishing world by sacrificing the body and the blood which He had taken as His tabernacle to show us His eternal love!

Come with me and see those multitudes of people with their faces prostrated in the dust, adoring their white elephant of Siam.

Oh ! what ignorance and superstition ! what blindness and folly ! you will exclaim. To adore a white elephant as God !

But there is a spectacle more humiliating and more deplorable: There is a superstition, an idolatry below that of the Siamese. It is the idolatry practised by Doctor Newman and his millions of co-religionists to-day. Yes. The elephant-god of the Asiatic people, is infinitely more respectable than the wafer-god of Doctor Newman. That elephant may be taken as the symbol of strength, magnanimity, patience, &c. There is life, motion in that noble animal—he sees with his eyes, he walks with his feet. Let some one attack him, he will protect himself—with his mighty trunk he will throw his enemy high in the air—he will crush him under his feet.

But look at this modern divinity of Rome, which I just hold in my hand ! It has eyes, but does not see; feet, but does not move; a mouth, but does not speak. There is neither life nor strength in the wafer-god of Rome.

I know it; some people will be tempted to think that I am exaggerating. They will answer that they cannot believe me when I say that the Church of Rome teaches that, after the words of the consecration, there is no more wafer, no more bread; but that which was bread has been turned into the great Eternal God who created the world, and took a body which he sacrificed on the cross to pay our debts, and show us His eternal love.

But I say the truth: I cannot deceive you on such a solemn question. I speak in the presence of the great God who will judge me in a few days, perhaps in a few hours. I speak in the presence of the noble and grand British people, who are giving me such a kind reception and hospitality. I speak in the presence of the two Cardinals, Newman and Manning, who will read these words. If I do exaggerate, let them come and bravely contradict me. But they will not dare to do it. Perhaps they will try, through their sophisms, to show that

Christ has really given them such a power. Oh ! may God grant that they may try it. With the help of that great and merciful God, I am ready to meet them. Yes ! Let them come and try to prove to you that Christ has taught his disciples "to make an engraven image of a created thing which is on earth, or in heaven; that He has given them power to turn it into God and adore it, when His Father and Himself had said on Mount Sinai to Moses and to all the nations, "Thou shalt not make unto thee an engraven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." And if I do not prove them, before England, that they are idolators when they preach or practise that doctrine, I consent to be dragged by the neck through the streets of London as an impostor, and to be hung, after, to the top of the steeple of your grand St. Paul's Cathedral.

But if the fall of Dr. Newman into the bottomless abyss of the idolatry of Rome is a deplorable fact, there is another fact still more deplorable.

How many fervent Christians, how many venerable ministers of Christ in England, are, just now, prostrated at the dear Saviour's feet, telling Him with tears: "Didst Thou not sow the good Gospel seed all over our dear country, through the hands of our heroic and martyred fathers ? From whence, then, hath it these Popish and idolatrous tares ?" And the "Good Master" answers, to-day, what he answered eighteen hundred years ago: "While men slept, the enemy came during the night; he has sowed those tares among the wheat, and he went away."—(Matthew xiii., 25.)

And if you want to know the name of that enemy who has sown tares, in the night, amongst the wheat, and went away, you have only to read this "Apologia pro vita sua." You will find this confession of Dr. Newman at page 174:—

"I cannot disguise from myself that my preaching is not calculated to defend that system of religion which has been received for three hundred years, and of which the Heads of

Houses are the legitimate maintainers in this place.....I must allow that I was disposing ‘the minds of young men’ towards Rome !”

Now, having obtained from the very enemy’s lips how he has sown tares during the night (secretly), read page 262, and you will see how he went away and prostrated himself at the feet of the most implacable enemy of all your rights and liberties, to call him “Most Holy Father.” Read how he fell at the knees of the very power which prepared and blessed the Armada destined to cover England with desolation, ruins, tears and blood, and enchain those of her people who would not have been slaughtered on the battle-field ! See how the enemy, after having sown the tares, went away to the feet of a Sergius III., the public lover of Maroria—and to the feet of his bastard, John XI., who was still more debauched than his father—and to the feet of a Leo VI., killed by an outraged citizen of Rome, in the act of such an infamous crime that I cannot name it here—to the feet of an Alexander, who seduced his own daughter, and surpassed in cruelty and debauchery Nero and Caligula. Let us see the enemy to the feet of all those monsters of depravity, to call them “Most Holy Fathers,” “Most Holy Heads of the Church,” “Most Holy and Infallible Vicars of Jesus Christ !”

But let us take leave of Dr. Newman, after he has made his peace with the men whom Baronius himself called the greatest monsters the world had ever seen, to consider a moment the irreparable injury he has done to the Church of England in particular, and the unspeakable desolation with which he has filled the hearts of the disciples of the Gospel all over the world.

It is a public fact, that more than 2,000 Episcopalian ministers, seduced by the false science and the glittering sophisms of Drs. Newman and Pusey are, to-day, nothing else but disguised Jesuits, at work to bring dear old England again to the feet of the idols of Rome. They are everywhere, more or less secretly, destroying the morality, the proverbial self-respect of the fair daughters of England, in the re-establish-

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ment of Auricular Confession. For I tell you here, in the presence of God, after twenty-five years' experience of Auricular Confession, the world has never known an institution so infamous, so corruptive, such an enemy of all that is pure on earth, and holy in Heaven, as Auricular Confession. It is nothing else but a sea of sodom, where, with a very few exceptions, the female penitent with her father confessor, will have to swim, almost in spite of themselves; and let the father and mother who do not believe me, read the book "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," which I have written to warn England, and they will understand me.*

It is through the infernal secrets, and the irresistible power of Auricular Confession, that it is almost impossible for any Government to stand, to-day. It was through Auricular Confession that Henry III. and Henry IV., Kings of France, were stabbed in open day in the streets of Paris. It was through Auricular Confession that William, the incomparable hero of the Netherlands, was shot, as it was through Auricular Confession that the Jesuit gunpowder plot was arranged. It was through Auricular Confession that the plot which ended in the murder of one of the greatest and most honest men of modern times, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was prepared. It is through Auricular Confession that, to-day, the Pope is reddening the land of Ireland with the blood of your best men in order to force you to submit to his yoke. It is through Auricular Confession that he hopes to drag your Queen and yourself at his feet, to ask him to help you to govern your Empire. And if rumour is correct, is not Great Britain—that giant, that Samson of modern times, already at the feet of the great harlot, who is poisoning the world with the wine of her prostitution, to court her favours, and ask her help to rule Ireland?

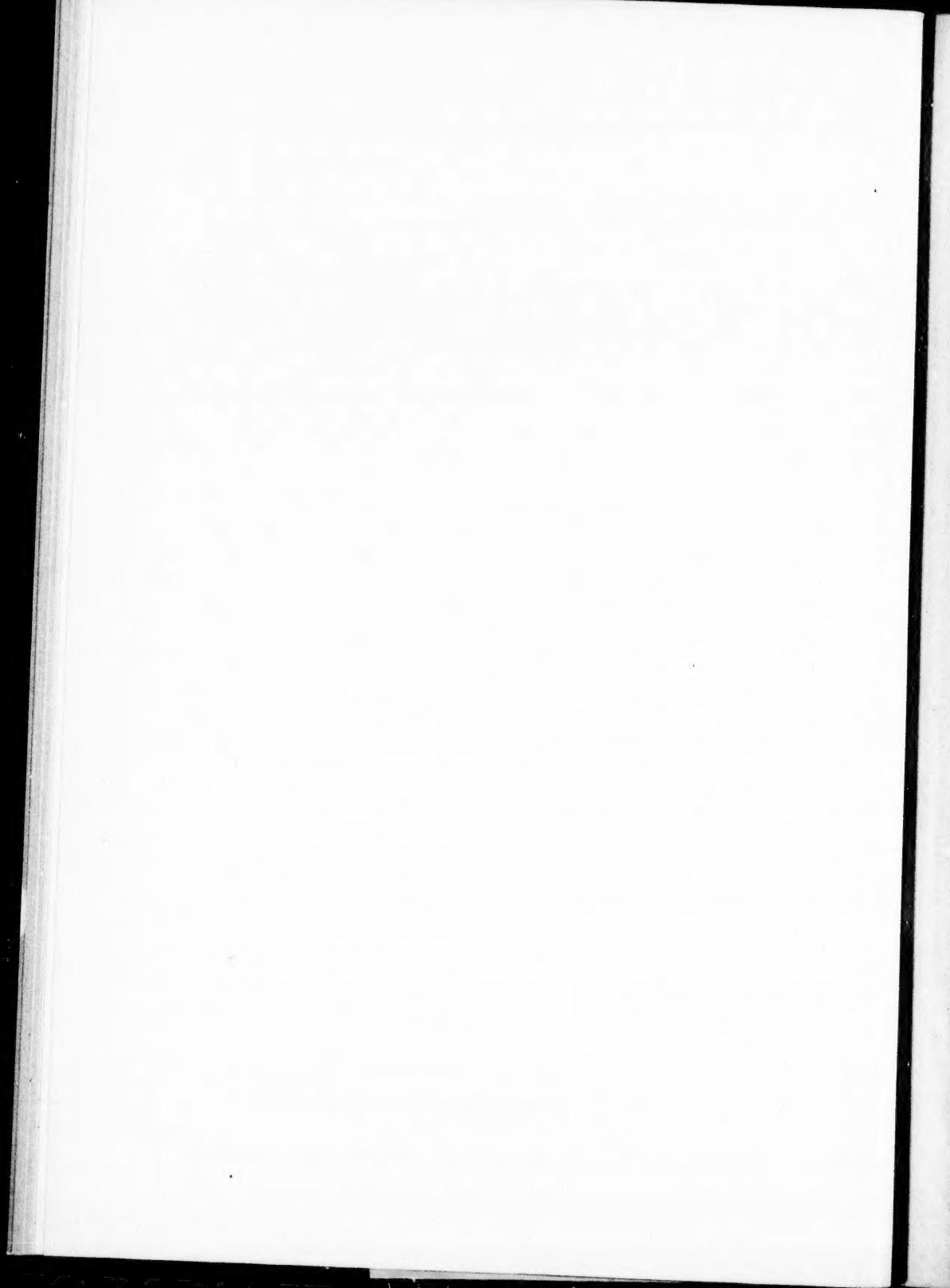
I was reading, a few days ago, a very remarkable article in one of your ablest London daily journals. The writer was

* Publisher—W. T. Gibson, 38, Parliament Street, London, S.W. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s.

expending a great deal of time, and using many arguments, to find out the secret moving power which had nerved the brutal assassins of the Dublin Phoenix Park. Without any hesitation, I answer him, that the secret moving power of all the troubles of France, Germany, Ireland, and England—the secret power which has nerved the arms of Phoenix Park assassins—is at Rome, the headquarters of the plots which have deluged Europe with blood these last ten centuries; the magical spell by which so many men dare to commit such bloody deeds without a remorse, is Auricular Confession. Read "The Provincial Letters," that immortal book of the greatest intelligence and the most upright man France has ever given to the world, Paschal, and you will learn that the Jesuits, through the Confessional, are the Fathers of the Communists, the Nihilists, the Fenians, the Home Rulers, and other assassins, whose diabolical deeds frighten the whole world. Read the unanswerable book of Paul Bert, "*La Morale des Jesuites*" (every Englishman ought to have that book), and you will find how those implacable enemies of all the rights and liberties of man, as well as of all the most sacred laws of God, are sowing broadcast, through Auricular Confession, over Ireland, England, and Scotland, the principles of destruction, anarchy, immorality, and atheism, which are threatening the very existence of society. Let the legion of Jesuit conspirators, whom you have in your midst under the name of Puseyites, Ritualists, or High Churchmen, succeed in enticing the daughters of England into the filthy meshes of Auricular Confession, and, before fifty years, England will fall below Spain and Ireland—she will become an object of pity to the world. Let the bishops and ministers of the great and noble Episcopal Church continue for a quarter of a century to forget, at the teaching of Newman and Pusey, what they have believed and taught these last three hundred years, that the so-called sacrifice of the Mass is an idolatrous institution—let them continue for a time, as they do to-day, to let the Maconochies—the Ducklings—bring back the wafer-god of the Pope as the object of the adoration of Protestant England—and the

day will soon come when the vision of your great historian Macaulay will be turned into a prophecy—a traveller from New Zealand will come and see the smoking ruins of London, and the proud stones of your past glory spread on the ground.

But no! these things will not occur. The British Lion is evidently sleeping to-day; but it will soon awaken, and its voice will be heard. At its roarings, the Dragon of Rome will again hide his head: the Jesuits will fly away, and their idols crumble from Land's End to John o' Groats. England will remember again that the Bible is the foundation of her glory, that her great and glorious mission is to spread the light of the Gospel all over the earth, and to call all the nations to come with her to the feet of the Lamb, as the only hope, the only light, the only life of the world.



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ENGLAND "CATHOLIC."

Samson of nations ! thou generous giant,
Carelessly tolerant, recklessly bold,
Scornful of cautions, to danger defiant,
Prodigal heir of the heroes of old.
Lo ! thou art lur'd by this Delilah harlot,
Mesh'd in her smiles, as by withys and ropes,
While that adulteress vested in scarlet
Claims thee a slave, as of old, to her Popes !

Samson—time was when thou tarest the lion,
And from the strong thou didst gather the sweet;
Commerce corrupting the conquests of Zion,
Making each eater provide thee with meat;
But into bitterness now all that honey,
And into weakness that prowess is turned,
Seeing thou sellest, O faithless, for money,
All that thy Protestant faithfulness earned.

Samson—the Philistine foe is upon thee !
Shearing the strength from thy head, as of old:
Let not those Jesuits boast they have won thee
Back to their Dagon through scarlet and gold.
Though they have blinded thee, break from thy slumber;
Delilah's lap is the bait of the priest;
Shake off the spell of the mystical number,
Wipe from thy soul the black mark of the beast.

Samson of Nations ! too frank and too simple,
England, thou giant, so weak yet so strong,
If for their sport thou art bound to their temple,
Lo ! they shall rue it in ruin ere long;
When, at Christ's coming, all blazing and blasting,
Anti-Christ sinks to Gehenna downhurled,
Stretched underneath are the Arms Everlasting,
And thou art saved from the wreck of the World !

Martin F. Tupper.

Norwood.